Farm Book- Mr. Haight

As a youngster seven decades ago, my octogenarian friend Charles Haight was shipped from the family ~~farm~~ farm above New York City to Brooklyn. Here he lived with an aunt and attended school. It was the family hope that in the big city he' would get a better education. How the schooling went I dont know, but he was an unhappy boy. All his life he had been surrounded by the large assort-

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ment of animals then raised on all general farms. They were part of his everyday life, as important to him, almost, as air to breathe and water to drink.

"I got so hungry for the touch of a living thing, " he told me in his 86th. year, " that I got some white mice and kept them in a bureau drawer."

His big-city education therewith came to an abrupt end. He was the only one not unhappy about his precipitate return to the farm.